



THE MADONNA.



## OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

### I.



PURER than the lilies fair,  
 Or snow-flakes spotless white!  
 O sweeter than the balmy air,  
 More brilliant than the light!  
 And though the silvery moonbeams shine  
 Most softly through the night,  
 Their rays but faintly image thine,  
 O Queen of realms so bright!

### II.

We twine our fairest emblems round  
 Thy dear and holy name;  
 We murmur its melodious sound,  
 Our cold hearts to inflame;  
 But all things beautiful and sweet  
 Of earth, or sky, or sea,  
 Are far beneath the Queen we greet,  
 With holy minstrelsy.

### III.

The golden harp-strings far above  
 Are thrilling sweet to-day;  
 Oh! may the pleadings of our love  
 Be mingled with their lay!  
 Look down through all the starry sheen  
 On us so far below;  
 We greet thee as Mt. Carmel's Queen,  
 Choice gifts on us bestow.

### ASPIRATION.

O may the chords within my soul,  
 Vibrate sweet Queen, for thee,  
 In strains of pure and ardent love  
 And graceful imagery.

## LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

### JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

#### CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED.



#### III.

It was argued that a bishop ought to have a council elected by the priests, and to consult it in all important matters. 1st. It is not impossible that a bishop influenced by prejudice, resentment or misinformation, without counsel may act harshly, even unjustly towards a priest or even towards a congregation. 2nd. None perhaps more than a bishop should beware of the insinuations of the adroit flatterer and the innuendoes of the calumniator lest in an unguarded moment his act may tend to the injury, rather than the benefit, of religion. In such cases the need of counsel is indispensable. 3rd. Acts of a bishop after the counsel of *responsible* advisers bear with them a greater presumption of wisdom and a greater probability of prudence, and command more willing obedience. 4th. A bishop acting by advice of his council elected by the clergy has the moral support of the clergy, and through them, of the laity; and should any priest question such acts he would receive very little sympathy either from clergy or laity. 5th. The awful responsibility of a bishop is such that he never ought to act without serious consultation. 6th. In all well regulated governments the ruler never acts without the advice of his council (cabinet), and autocrat is seldom synonymous with sage. 7th. There is and ought to be but one autocrat—God—and yet he is amenable to prayer. 8th. Rome is too distant, and burdened by too many cares to give a quick ear to cases of appeal,

and therefore such cases ought to be rendered by prudence and counsel as few as possible.

N. B.—It follows as a corollary that a council to be above suspicion ought to be composed of irremovable priests.

IV. It was urged that provision ought to be made for old and infirm priests. 1st. A priest's salary is scarcely equal to that of a mechanic. 2nd. He is obliged to answer the numerous calls of charity. 3rd. He is prohibited from engaging in mercantile pursuits and obliged to devote his time to his flock, and therefore has the correlative right to his maintenance not only while able but even when unable to work. 4th. The temptation of covetousness and the motive and excuse of avarice should be removed from him by generously providing for him in the necessities of old age or infirmity. And yet it has been known that worthy priests—few perhaps, very few—have ended their days in the poor-house.

On these and other questions "Jus" had very decided convictions twenty-three years ago, and experience and observation have not caused him to change them since. It is therefore with pleasure that he has seen some of them germinate into law, and although in an embryonic state they are the promise and prophecy of a better condition of things.

In the discussion of these subjects, though written under a *nom de plume*, I am certain there was not one word offensive to the hierarchy, and if there had been, I am equally certain Mr. McMaster would not allow it to appear in his *Journal*. It was a most delicate and even dangerous subject to touch, and nothing but conscientious duty could induce the writer, incompetent as he was, to handle it. If his treatment of it did no good he sincerely believes it did no harm.

You ask: Did Mr. McMaster advocate the Complete Canon Law for the Church in the United States? I am positive he did not. Indeed I distinctly remember that in one of his editorials at the time above referred to he emphatically denied any such intention. Canon Law as at present in Europe would be cumbersome and unwieldy, and in many ways ill adapted to America. Old common law and the privileges and prerogatives of sovereigns and traditional rights, customs, etc., would find no place in American ecclesiastical law. Indeed, the vast change in the condition and circumstances of things since the Council of Trent, and especially the relation of church and state in America, would make the disciplinary part of the Council of Trent difficult of application. What was advocated was simple legislation on the wise lines of the Council of Trent to meet our simple condition. It is easier to construct than reconstruct, especially when we have the models of wisdom before us. In reconstructing, a change in one thing requires a corresponding modification of other things, and these changes would necessitate other changes and so on *usque ad indefinitum*. In America we do not need the *impedimenta* of the cumbrous system of 300 or 400 years ago. A system of simple laws might be promulgated wide enough to regulate all the important relations of the hierarchy with the lower order of the clergy, generous enough to establish certain parochial rights of pastors, and strong enough to protect these rights.

The boundaries of parishes, notwithstanding that Catholic congregations of different nationalities and languages occupy the same territory and overlap one another, could be easily arranged for the *time being* so far as these nationalities are concerned. Time will absorb and digest these languages into the English, and when they will have ceased, the Church without any violence to the then existing laws can readily and wisely adjust parochial limits. We know full well that even where Canon Law is in full force, not only the limits of parishes but also of dioceses are sometimes changed.

Yours,

E. M. O'CALLAGHAN.

St. Colman's, Cleveland, O., Oct. 10, '92.

FROM M'MASTER'S LETTERS TO "JUS."

Jan. 1st, 1870.

"I have lately received (he writes to 'Jus') a letter from Fr. Thos. Heyden, V. G., of Pittsburg, who says: The four points you urge I accept without reserve; during a long ministry I have prayed that some such might form the basis of ecclesiastical law for the second order of the clergy in the U. S.: Providence has raised up the right man in 'Jus.'

"Fr. Heyden was the bosom companion of the Rev. Prince Gallitzin, 'the apostle of the Alleghanies.' Were he living, writes Fr. H., Prince Gallitzin would be the first to head the list of your endorsers. He often talked to me on the subject, and no one more warmly than himself advocated the 'rights of the priests' as they are condensed in the four points in the *Freeman's Journal*.

"JAMES A. MCMASTER."

M'MASTER'S EDITORIAL STATEMENT.

(Taken from the files of the *Freeman*, Jan. 1st, 1870.)  
THE QUESTION OF THE STATUS OF THE SECOND ORDER  
OF THE HIERARCHY IN AMERICA.

"We have received, within a few months, the subscriptions to the *Freeman's Journal* of several hundred of the rev. clergy, besides the thousand and more of them that were already among our patrons. Not a few of these, who have not seen the discussions of the question indicated above by 'Jus,' and the articles and documents sustaining his thesis, have requested us to give a succinct statement of the *object* sought by this series of publications. We consider that the beginning of a new year is a good time to give this explanation in brief:

"Neither 'Jus,' nor any of his multitude of clerical endorsers, nor the *Freeman's Journal*, would either advocate, or tolerate, any infringement on the high office and dignity of our venerated bishops. All of us would be among the *foremost* to defend and promote their authority in everything accorded to them by the law of the Holy Roman Catholic Church by the decrees of Our Holy Father the Pope.

"What is claimed is that, in a great many of the dioceses here, our Catholic position is better secured and in a more flourishing condition, than in many of the old countries of Europe. But we think we know that this has been owing to the kindness of

Providence in pouring in upon us a vast immigration of Catholics from Europe, and from the *personal* zeal of most of our bishops and priests, and that it has in later years been retarded for want of a *settled system of law* in ecclesiastical matters, that may secure to every one who has taken the irrevocable vows of the priesthood, a *fixed standing in his Order*, so long as he observes the proprieties of his position. This, experience in this region has shown us, cannot be obtained, so long as the *standing* and the *honor* of a priest is to be at the nod of the personal judgment of his bishop.

"Those who have a vocation to the religious state in vowing a blind obedience, will seek its compensations in the spiritual advantages secured to religious orders and congregations, by *rules approved at Rome*, to which rules they can always appeal for their rights, as defined by their religious vows.

"In the Church of God there is another condition of the priesthood. It need not, should not, be less holy. But it is governed by other conditions. It is *necessary* to the perfection of the Church on earth, as Cherubim as well as Seraphim redound to the glory of heaven. This other order of the priesthood is what is called secular or parochial. Men are as clearly called to this kind of life as they are to life in religious communities. But those thus called are not disposed to a *blind* obedience. In order to do *their* work in the Church, they need to be men of determined will, firm for the *right*, as they understand it, and ready to submit to *authority—only* where sanctioned by a public and mutually understood *law*. The history of the Church shines with examples of such, who have become saints, and are worshipped on our altars.

"But the *normal* condition of this order is to have personal freedom of action, limited only by a *law regularly established*, and, on this account called *Canon Law*. The absence of this *regular* or *Canon Law* has been the occasion of many failures, in the persons of priests who, more fortunately placed, might have shone as stars forever.

"It is therefore that so many of the honored and grave members of the priesthood, men whose heads have grown white in the priesthood, without any note of censure, urge the establishment of a regu-

lar or Canon Law for these regions of North America. They have seen priests discouraged and abandoning noble efforts for want of it. They have seen how few young Catholics of wealth and position in society are willing to become priests under the present regime. They have seen that those, of all conditions, who are truly called to the priesthood, and have had the grace to correspond, do so with the entire self-sacrifice of postulants for religious orders—and, afterwards, with the obligations remaining, are denied the consolations belonging to the religious, not to the parochial priesthood.

"It is a class of priests, with no note of censure ever passed upon their personal conduct, who are more numerous than the entire body of bishops; who have built each at least as many churches and school houses; heard at least as many confessions; done at least as much heroic missionary labor in various ways; and very possibly, spent as much time, man for man, in the reading of solid theology as our venerated bishops have; who have urged us to the step we have taken, and that, as a layman, we could never have dared, had these not convinced us that our own previous judgment of twenty years of *silent* observation was correct—that the Catholic Church in America *requires* as the condition of its *permanent* success, that the *law* of the Roman Catholic Church be *established here*.

"Great changes may be made in regard to *discipline* during the sittings of the Council of the Vatican. What the priesthood of America asks is, that, for many of our older and better established dioceses, and for others, as soon as they come to a certain status, the American *rule of dispensations* (!) may be stopped!

"The especial points in which *relief* is asked by the zealous priesthood of America are the following, which have heretofore been indicated:

"1st. That a given term of years be named, after which one blameless in his official and personal reputation, shall be considered irremovable from his pastoral position, except for *cause*. 'Jus,' one of the most moderate of men in his demands, proposed, or rather consented, to placing it at *seven* years. Others say this is too long. Some have told us that this is the *average* of the life of a hard-working-church-and-

school-building and otherwise over-worked priest in these countries. There is likely to be a *common law* made for the rest of Christendom during the pending council. The *best* demand is not to have any *dispensation* made for the long established or otherwise well established dioceses of America. We are entitled to the same management as the other parts of the world.

"2nd. That *Judices causarum* shall exist, not as now, in these States, *si episcopo videtur*, but *absolutely* and of ecclesiastical right in every diocese.

"3rd. That these *Judices causarum* shall be of ecclesiastics *accepted*, one by one, on the nomination of each bishop in diocesan synod *annually*, by the vote of priests who have the position of irremovability.

"4th. There is another thing that a multitude of most excellent ecclesiastics think necessary for the good government of dioceses. It is that some plan be ordained by law, since the old canonical forms are inapplicable, for ascertaining the will of the clergy of a diocese in regard to a bishop appointed. It is very certain that ignoring this has not wrought well in America. Had the will of his immediate predecessor in office been heeded the present Archbishop of Baltimore would not have been Bishop of Louisville. Let us stop here and not tell other instances of mistake. The voices of the clergy of a diocese ought not to be passed over, without an *organized* and *official* expression. Rome alone can give them this in America. It is not necessary that this voice be always complied with. But the fact that it has been *heard* and *weighed*, and that the *status* to speak as an organized diocese has been *created* and considered, will be enough for all the good priests, who—if they had been heard in some cases that have occurred—would have prevented some misfortunes that have happened.

"These are in brief the wishes of such of the clergy in America as have without any general conference, which was not possible, agreed to express them to Rome, as their conscientious convictions as to what is demanded for the good of religion here. We have good reason to believe that many of our venerated bishops desire that these petitions may be satisfied, but there is a fear lest there be innovation, in what is

only the *replacing* of innovation by the settled law of the Catholic Church.

"For the attainment of this purpose, a clergyman has gone to Rome. He is one whose personal character and official zeal place him in the rank of the highly honored. He is furnished with the necessary occasion of going, notwithstanding there is no fault in him, save in regard to the zeal he has for the welfare of religion in this country. There are foolish stories as to who he is. All will be made known at the proper time. Till that time comes it would be indiscreet to say any more.

"A subscription has been made voluntarily to bear the expenses he may incur in advocating the public cause. If his stay be not very much protracted, perhaps enough has already been subscribed in sums from ten to two dollars. Hundreds have been offered in place of tens, and thousands could have been had, but there is no use for them. All wanted is for necessary translations, perhaps printing and other work of the kind. We have refused to receive any sum over ten dollars from any one priest. Two dollars or one dollar from a priest on a poor mission is as good as a hundred. What is wanted is adhesions by honorable priests, all of which we will transmit to 'Jus,' and he, with due discretion, will see that use is made of them in Rome. The number of these adhesions, to what some of us know concerns the future of the Catholic Church in America, cannot be too many.

"Let them come or go, singly or in companies. The better way, we think, is for the clergy of a diocese or a district in a diocese, to draw up each their own petition to the Holy Father, or to Cardinal Barnabo, as prefect of the Propaganda. If sent to us we will see all such duly forwarded. But if sent in an informal way we will see, consulting 'Jus,' that right use is made of all adhesions to the measured and careful programme laid down above.

## CHAPTER XII.

### EDITORIALS OF McMASTER ON CHOICE SUBJECTS.

#### OUR HOLY FATHER, THE POPE.

"The Holy Father is a prisoner. He refuses to leave the Vatican, because he can-

not, without subjecting himself to insult, and, moreover, without seeming to sanction the sacrileges that the Italians are committing. The garden of the Vatican is the only place where the Pope has walked under the open heaven, since the capture of Rome by the Piedmontese brigandage. He has refused to receive any of the generals or other emissaries of the Piedmontese usurpation.

"It is false that the Holy Father accepted the amount of the civil list for the month of October, from the so-called Italian Government. Part of it was distributed, unknown to him, to some of the subordinate officers of the Roman Court. That was all.

"A proposed plan of accommodation of Papal independence with political subjection to the King of Italy—so-called—has been put forth. It is the purple robe with the crown of thorns, that the mockers of Pilate's court put on the Lord of the Holy Father. Pius IX., Vicar of Christ, like his Divine Master answers not a word. 'As a sheep before her shearers, he is dumb.'

"The Holy Father, as the Vicar of Christ, stands before the faithful of the Catholic Church, the image of his and our Lord. *He is nailed to the Cross!* As such he stands before two hundred millions of Catholics, throughout the world, who own the city of Rome, because they have paid for every stone in Rome, and for putting one on another in all its habitable buildings. They have paid for every foot of earth in Rome, and for the depths that are beneath the surface. Rome is *ours*. The Jews in the Ghetto—given to them by Popes, as a refuge, where they might still have the liberty of their ancient religion, when they were hunted out of every other civilized land under heaven—may as well claim all Rome as theirs as may any people not faithful to our Catholic traditions. We Catholics, and we only, have on our side the letter of law and the order of justice, when we say that Rome is *ours*, by authenticated deeds, by repeated purchases, by titles piled upon titles.

"What care we for that vulgar rabble of princes, pickpockets, pedlars and others that have huddled into Rome to live on the alms of the Church, and to betray her at

her need. They are a vile herd—all of them that are false to the Pope!

"If they claim possessions, they have stolen them from the Church, or hold them by a sacrilegious tenure of some kind—as always attaches to the sneak-thieves, who seek by clerical favor to make profit or influence!

"Rally we, then, on the high level of our faith! Join we our voices, to the voices raised in Europe, in defence of our faith. Let us prove that we are not degenerate from our European ancestors. Europe is astir! They say, in Europe, that those who have come across the Atlantic, in one or two generations fall off from the vigor of their ancestors. They say that the first generation of European parentage are soft and sentimental—a nice sort of people, but with no moral energy. They say that the second generation take on more and more the characteristics of the American Indians. These are the speculations of European, 'philosophers,' so-called.

"Winfield Scott, at the battle of Lundy's Lane, addressed one of the regiments by saying: 'The British say that the Americans are good at long range, but are afraid of the bayonet; I call on the regiment to give them the lie—*charge bayonet!*' and they *did* charge; and it was one of the few instances in modern war in which it has been an attested fact that bayonets were crossed—and the British undeniably did run away!

"The physical courage of our countrymen is denied by no one. The higher quality is *moral* courage. This has yet to be proved by the characteristic of that class of Americans that most ought to show it—American Catholics!

"We have two works to do. We must awake our devotion and pray most fervently for our Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ. The prayers of the faithful are to be his chief support. After] that—willing to suffer, and if needs be, die for our own faith. We ought, as a beginning, in every city, in every village, in every parish where fifty Catholics can be gathered to protest against the infamy of the Italian robbery of our *Catholic patrimony*, and to say that we will not rest till this outrage shall have ceased.

"When Maria Theresa of Hapsburg threw her cause on her Hungarian subjects,

they cried: 'We will die in defence of our queen.' What is it for us to die for our religion? Would it not be glory? What, then, will it be to suffer for it, or to sacrifice part of our property for it? or to run the risk of dying for it? Oh! how little we Catholics know our vantage ground! When we come to know it how the Catholic cause will advance!

"As a beginning let us have demonstrations from every quarter of our land on behalf of our Holy Father, the Pope."

*Freeman's Journal,*  
*Saturday, Nov. 12, 1870.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

## PIONIA'S PETITION.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

"No child of Mary can be lost who seeks her loving aid,  
For every prayer addressed to her is manifold repaid."

—*Ave Maria.*



PIONIA was but a mere child in 1883. She wears long dresses now. Since she was born on the feast of Saint Pionius, which falls on the first day of February, she was named after that saint. Pionia's life so far has been an uneventful one. It could be summed up in these ten words: "She has always been a very devout child of Mary's. Pionia told me one thing which she thought was a natural consequence of any child's prayer, and so common that it hardly needs recording. But I think otherwise, and am going to mention it. It was this: One day in May, 1883, Pionia wanted a new scapular. We all know that scapulars and blessed articles have no price, and cannot be sold. Still the matter out of

which they are made costs something. The faithful know this, and when applying for them, generally make a little offering of money. If Pionia told her teacher, good Sister Dolores, that she had no money, the sister would have given her a beautiful scapular. But Pionia did not like to ask—so she petitioned the Blessed Virgin to send her a scapular—and for this purpose she said as many *Hail Mary's* as cents were needed. The same night returning from school Pionia found a shining quarter of a dollar in her dinner basket. Who put it there? Pionia says she is sure the Blessed Virgin did. The Queen of Heaven didn't bring a scapular from heaven as she did for Saint Simon Stock, but she did the next thing to it, she gave Pionia the means to get a scapular. How came the money in Pionia's basket, accidentally? I don't think so, nor does Pionia! One thing is certain—a child of Mary asked a favor of her Mother and her prayer was heard. No one can gainsay that.





## THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

### CHAPTER VII.



ONE delightful afternoon in May Susan announced a visitor for the Misses Murphy. "She says she will not give her name because it's not a pretty one."  
"Who can it be?" said Mary.  
"Better go and see," responded her sister.

As Mary reached the parlor there was an outburst of laughter and a noisy interchange of exclamation and salutation.

"Come Margaret," cried Mary, "you would never guess."

It was a pretty picture met Margaret's eye as she descended the stairs, a tall girlish figure gowned in black velvet. From the fur-trimmed collar rose a shapely head, one mass of golden curls. From under the broad hat an eager ingenuous face of childlike purity looked merrily out.

"My dear Alix."

"You lovely people," rose to Kathleen's ears.

"Where's your mother? I am dying to see her."

"I am truly sorry, she is not at home. Can you not stay and dine with us?"

"No, dear, mamma is alone. She is rather tired from the journey."

"Where do you come from?"

"From everywhere. We left Ashville on Monday. We spent March at the Ponce de Leon."

"That must have been delightful."

"Yes, it is a lovely place. We met some nice people there, but I get very tired of it all. I quite envy you girls. I suppose you are busy as ever?"

"We do not suffer from lack of occupation. How is your mother, Alix?"

"Poor mamma! She is well, thank you. Her greatest suffering is from increase of flesh. You see she never walks. I am really quite uneasy about her. Except when we travel, she never goes out. She takes a drive every day, but she might as

well look from her bedroom window, as far as exercise is concerned."

"That is very unfortunate. I enjoy a ramble so much that I am very sorry for people who are shut out from such delights."

"Yes, indeed, I find my mind grow wide and high during a solitary tramp."

"It was your high and mighty expression fascinated me when you entered the little church last summer after your pedestrian feat of two miles. You looked as if you had neither eye nor ear for the contemptible things of this life."

"What have you girls been doing all winter? I hear something of a marriage engagement."

"Spare the guilty," cried Margaret glancing at her sister's heightening color.

"Then it is true?"

"How how did you hear it?"

"Through a Dr. Vinton."

"Why, Alix, where did you meet Dr. Vinton?"

"He visited a patient at the hotel in Ashville and remained to dinner. I remembered your brother John had a friend of the name and mentioned the coincidence. The old gentleman—"

"Old gentleman?" interrupted Margaret.

"Dr. Vinton's father," interjected Mary.

"Of course," said Margaret. "How stupid I am."

"Are you going to let me talk?"

"Beg your pardon, Alix, proceed."

"The old gentleman said he had heard his son, Dr. Vinton, speak of Mr. Murphy's family with much esteem, and that he looked forward with very pleasant anticipation to acquaintance with them at an early day. I have learned that two and two make four. The impressiveness of the old gentleman's tone, combined with a benevolent air of proprietorship, supplied me with matter on which to hazard a good guess."

"Did you ever see this?" said Mary showing a photograph.

"His true presentment, and I think you will find him a lovely father-in-law." You girls have no idea of your happiness. You have ever a definite object in life and use the means to attain it.

"Tell us of yourself, Alix."

"That is soon done. I am just where I was. Mamma has concluded to be received into the Church when I am, but this flitting hither and thither gives no time for the consideration of serious subjects. I should like to become a Catholic to-morrow, but Father Blount does not seem to encourage precipitation."

"Perhaps he is proving your earnestness, or he may consider it advisable to postpone your reception into the Church until you are thoroughly instructed."

"I have just come from a visit to my aunt's. I was there over Sunday. I inquired on Saturday night regarding the hours for Mass and the way to Church. 'But, Alix, you won't disgrace me by going to the Catholic Church?' pleaded my aunt. 'You cannot do it without raising a commotion in our circle. You know your uncle is one of the elders, and you will set everyone talking. It is different when you are in the city, but here the Catholics are all of the poorer class. I make it a personal matter, Alix; you certainly will not place me in such an embarrassing position.'"

"Your aunt is an American?"

"Yes, a descendant of one of the Signers."

"Why did you not remind her of the fundamental principle of the constitution, 'freedom to worship God?'"

"My dear, I knew I could make no impression on her and saved my force. When I was a youngster I sometimes stole into the kitchen and one of my delights was to poke holes in the dough and watch them fill up. Aunt Rachel is like that dough; she always puffs up serenely."

"Did you gratify her?"

"Yes, she had entertained me beautifully and she was so seriously distressed that I went to church with her, but I said my beads all the time."

"Poor Alix," laughed Mary, "that must have been harder than rowing with tide and wind against you."

"Oh, I have had the greatest time since I saw you. While we were in Chicago

Cousin Bert was just as nice to me as he could be. He took me everywhere and spoiled me utterly. I felt it in my bones that he was exercised about my Catholic tendencies and kept clear of the subject. One evening he arrived late. I was sitting near the lamp hemming a ruffle and went on with my work. I found I was trembling, and my occupation was a kind of moral support, don't you know. He amused himself for awhile fingering everything in my work-basket and at last began the attack."

"Do you know, Cousin Alix, that I find you very charming?"

"That is because you are such a dear cousin, Bert. You have been nicer to me than a lover."

"Well, Alix, I enjoy seeing you happy, and therefore I want to give you a warning."

"I was dumb."

"You have created quite a sensation here, not only for your beauty, but because you are so delightfully sparkling and sweet. The men are just gone on you."

"For your sake, dear old fellow, I am glad my cousin's cousin has been a success."

"Well, Alix, it's the talk at the club that you are going to become a Catholic, and I confess I feel very badly about it. Of course I think everyone has a right to please themselves in such matters."

"Then it is all right Cousin Bert, you need say no more on the subject. I shall have one of the family to stand by me."

"Well, but Alix, for your own sake I must protest."

"I can't see why."

"Now, my dear girl, I don't want to see you sacrifice yourself, and you must agree with me that you will lose caste as a convert to Catholicism. I got into the back of a Catholic Church on Good Friday night. It was awful, the steaming crowd and the kind of people."

"You poor fellow, not a chappie among them. Had you gone front you would have had better air and more fashionable company—mind, I don't say better company."

"Now, Alix, this is not a subject for jest."

"No, my dear cousin, nor for conversation between you and me to-night. Go home now, and come again soon when I am in better trim. Sure enough I saw Cousin

Bert mounting the steps one evening quite early. Mamma was in the back parlor. Now, thought I, this kind of thing will be bad for me. I must stop it, you know the action of my heart is weak. I met Bert with out-stretched hands. 'You are the very man I want to see.' Well, he fairly basked in the comfort of such a reception. 'Yes,' said I, 'since you spoke to me I have been considering your remarks seriously. The election has brought a lesson. I see the wonderful power of the Catholics, these dirty, ignorant, presumptuous people have shown they will stop at nothing to attain their ends; look at the Cleveland majority.'"

"Oh, that's all right, Alix."

"What are you thinking of, Bert? Right? that such a President as Harrison should be dethroned? Think of all he has done for the Indians."

"The less we say about the Indian question the better. As an officer of the U. S. army who has seen service on the frontier I must give my testimony in favor of the Catholic Church as the most intelligent guardian of the Indian, and I must confess, 'honor to whom honor is due.' Don't you know, I think the last election was conducted magnificently, even though that Democratic fellow was a Catholic with an Irish name. I tell you he did his work splendidly."

"O, yes, he is an exceptional man, but look at the maneuvering priests and the dirty crowds who fill the Churches. Here mamma pushed aside the portiere and stared at me."

"'Why, Alix,'" she gasped, "and you made me think the Catholic Church so lovely you had me nearly a member of it.'"

"Cousin Bert looked bewildered as if he thought I had lost my wits."

"Let us sit down," he said, "I am tired. I walked up here to-night. The truth is, Cousin Alix, I think the Catholic Church is the most wonderful body I know. Look at the way it is organized, see how it weathers all manner of storms. When it's too prosperous there rise, up reformers within it, and persecutions outside that purify it and clear off the barnacles, and it rides as light and easy as a new steamer with air-tight compartments. If one of her members kicks up a row they just let him alone like the sheep in the nursery

rhyme, until he comes home and brings his wiggle-waggle behind him. The Church can do without him better than he can do without the Church. As for the poor, what should we do without them? We need their labor as much as they need our money."

"I agree with you Bert heartily, and I am much obliged for your terse presentation of the subject," said I. "You should have seen his jaw droop as he looked at me with a helpless expression."

"Really, Alix," he said after a pause, "I think you have been one too many for me."

"I have only been taking a lesson in tactics. Your acknowledgment is a great compliment to my progress; let us make a truce, I said. I do not intrude on you my religious inquiries or convictions and ask you to leave me free in this matter. I shall be delighted to lend you information on the subject when you wish it. But, my dear cousin, if you will be true to the knowledge you have you will be my companion in my inquiries and not my persecutor. That ended it. His dearest friends are Catholics. He says it's all right for them, but he cannot bear to think of my losing caste."

"You girls live in a paradise, but my wandering life gives me glimpses of Hades, and I loathe the vileness of fashionable life. It is either filthy or empty."

"I spent a night with a very dear friend of mine lately. She is a beautiful girl. We had just returned from the Assembly ball. She turned to the mirror and surveyed herself from head to foot, smiling at her reflection. Nodding her head she said:

'My dear double, what does Alix mean by talking to me about prayer? What have I to pray for? I come of good family, I have youth, health, beauty, enough in a way.'

"The mirror gave me the bewitching smile she sent it. Mary, her old nurse, who has cared for her since her mother's death left her a helpless babe, stood behind her holding a fleecy dressing gown. At the words of her darling she gave a deprecatory shake of the head. Gladys snatched the robe from her hands.

'I will not have you stand there Mary, shaking your head like a Chinese image. Go to bed, I will brush my own hair.'

"Poor Mary left the room with the tears

running down her cheeks. Gladys then turned on me.

"What do you want, Alix? Money for your poor. I will give you a cheque for a hundred dollars in the morning. I will do anything for you, but don't ask me to pray."

"My dear girl, I said, I want to sleep, not to talk, at this hour in the morning, but I must give you one sentence, 'Ingratitude is the vice of slaves.' Prayer is not petition only, it is an elevation of the soul to God, by which we praise Him and bless

His holy name, thank Him for His benefits and ask for grace and aid in our necessities of soul and body. You are young and favored of fortune, but even you may suffer need. Meanwhile cherish gratitude. She did not answer me. I parted from her shortly after. She went to Mexico. I received yesterday a notice of her engagement to the only son of a distinguished Catholic family. I must leave you. Mamma will think I am lost. I have barely time to get back to the hotel for dinner."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

### II.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.



THE Christian family was the foundation of governments, which owed their origin in fact to the extension of a family, the patriarch of which was the born head and chief of the whole clan. Therefore the family relation formed also the prototype for labor and trades unions, and as the servants of the Christian household were, and in Catholic countries are still, treated as members of the family in a wider sense of the word, and were on the one hand bound by the duties of children, as on the other hand they enjoyed their privileges, so this relation was extended to apprentices and journeymen of the guilds and unions.

The reception of an apprentice was a matter of solemnity, often taking place in the town hall. The duties of the candidate, moral and industrial, were explained to him and he received a brief of apprenticeship by which he entered the family of his master, who for the time of this apprenticeship assumed the duties of parent,

and educated and instructed the young man in his trade.

"Master, remember your duties," says an instruction of the 15th century. "The apprentice has been given to you by the guild to take care of his soul and body according to civic and divine ordinance, and you have to render an account for your apprentice, therefore keep him as if he were your own child."

The master had to board the apprentice, and in some guilds also to clothe him. In this case the clothing was prescribed "by the trade." The guild of carpenters in Strassburg demanded in 1478 that the apprentice paying the master four pounds farthings should receive from the master: "Stringed shoes and white trousers according to need, besides annually four yards of grey cloth for a coat, four yards of corduroy for a working jacket, also an axe, a hatchet, a square, a gimlet, and every week two farthings for drink."

A neglect of the apprentice rendered the master accountable to the guild. The master was told to chastise an apprentice, to teach him obedience and industry. An apprentice who at the close of his term was found deficient in the knowledge of his trade was handed over to another master at the expense of the first one, who for the

future was refused an apprentice. An apprentice running away from the master, or found guilty of stealing, forfeited the right of the guild and could not be received by any other master.

The time of apprenticeship being over, the manumission took place before the assembled masters of the guild in solemn manner. Thrice the question was put to each master whether he knew anything derogatory to the young man or his skill, and also the young man was asked if he had anything to say against his master or his craft. He should speak out now, or hereafter hold his peace. No objection being raised, the president of the guild pronounced his manumission and thenceforth the young man was counted among the journeymen.

The journeymen lived and boarded in the house of their employer, who was responsible for their conduct. They were not allowed to visit taverns more than once a week. Their clothes were to be of uniform shape and material according to the custom of their guild. They also bore arms and practised fencing.

In the course of time the journeymen formed among themselves unions analogous to the guild. These unions were intended to defend the rights of individual members against possible encroachments of the masters, to assist sick and needy members and to defend the honor and social standing of the journeymen. Herein they showed themselves very sensitive. Tokens and passwords enabled a journeyman to travel unmolested throughout the empire and be received as an honored member by any union of their respective trade, so that we see that the Kolping societies of the nineteenth century are but imitations of what existed and flourished four or five centuries before.

If there was no work to be found for a traveling journeyman he was at least sure of a night's lodging and meal in the journeyman's home, and received a small donation in each.

The oldest guild was that of the weavers, who soon separated into woollen and linen weavers, and as a third guild the dyers united. As the trades developed more and more, subdivisions became necessary, and as the masters formed into separate guilds the journeymen likewise separated,

without, however, losing their *esprit de corps*, which when called upon resulted in united and powerful action for defensive or offensive purposes.

Social festivals with dancing, processions, masquerades, etc., were frequent amongst these journeymen unions and attended by the whole guild and witnessed by the population. Thus religion, amusement, social and legal station, personal and professional wants were amply provided for. It was the journeymen's paradise.

Notwithstanding the splendid position of the journeymen *strikes* occurred. The causes were partly complaints that the masters did not give proper food to their workmen or deducted from their wages on shallow pretexts, partly because their honor, of which they were jealously watchful, was not accorded to them. Thus the journeymen bakers at Colmar in Alsace struck in 1495 because they had not been assigned their proper place in the Corpus Christi procession. The local magistrate declared the bakers infamous, because they left the town contrary to oath and vow without sufficient reason, and empowered the masters to bake as often as and what they pleased. The journeymen sued the town and carried the suit to the highest court. At the same time the journeymen bakers' union outlawed any man working for a master baker in Colmar and financially assisted the strikers. After ten years fighting the matter was compromised. The guild had to pay a fine of 170 florins, the magistrate cancelled its decrees against the journeymen and acknowledged as rightful the journeymen's union, according them their customary place in the procession.

In 1475 the journeymen tinsmiths struck at Nuremberg, complaining of scanty food. They migrated to Wunsiedel and Dinkelsbuehl, outlawed and boycotted the masters in Nuremberg, and as a consequence compelled the masters to leave the city, thus almost annihilating the guild of tinsmiths in this place.

The most unruly were the journeymen tailors, between whom and their masters it came to blows. In 1505 all the master tailors of 21 towns along the Rhine and Moselle formed a league against their journeymen, outlawed them and sent a list of them to all parts of the empire. In this

manner they drove them out of the guild and prevented them from ever becoming licensed masters.

Mostly, however, the disputes were settled by arbitration, in a few cases by the forcible interference of the civic authorities. As far as existing accounts of strikes

allow us to judge, the claims of the journey-men both as to board and wages were extravagant. In fact both in those times were greatly in advance of what they are now, as we intend to show by a few examples.

## THE MAN IN BROWN.

### A REMINISCENCE.

BY PHILIP A. DEST.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir!

—Cunning.



N amiable and sympathetic soul was good Father Bruno, whose angel-spirit has long since winged its flight homewards. He is now in heaven. Well do I remember his peaceful passing away on that beautiful mid-

summer eve in the year 18—, the festival of the great Saint Elias. Oft doth memory point to him when'er I behold, especially, that well known painting wherein stand forth in bold relief those fiery steeds and burning chariot wheels ascending

"From Carmel's height to sweep the fields of air."

Floods of pat and pertinent things are ready to rush from memory to pen. However, I shall confine myself to but one incident in the life of kind-hearted Father Bruno.

'Tis said somewhere "never say evil of yourself. Your friends will say enough." 'Tis, alas! too often true. But far be it from me if I were such a friend to the subject of this sketch.

The closest observer would at no time believe that Father Bruno knew the meaning of care or pain. He wore a smile at all times. But he also had a cross. And it was a heavy one at that.

Father Bruno was a man always innocent and above reproach. If he had a fault it

was too much love for his neighbor for whom he would gladly die. But, gentle reader, remember that if you be

"As chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

But like his divine Master Fr. Bruno remained silent. He could easily point out and bring swift retribution on his false accusers. But his lips were sealed and but one thing remained, namely, to forgive and pray for those who injured him. He did both, and do we not find by experience how fickle and ungrateful is human friendship in many cases? Well can we say that many sayings of a so-called friend are "false and hollow, although his tongue dropt manna."

Father Bruno is now enjoying the only true and lasting friendship which can alone be found in heaven. His life and the closing incident of this sketch teaches us how true it is that

"Many a word at random spoken  
Can wound as well as soothe a heart that's broken."

Father Bruno bade adieu to the world. He saw its vanity and religion gained what the world lost in this accomplished man. He was practically dead, as far as the world was concerned. He buried his own name under that of Bruno.

For many a decade did Father Bruno labor, hidden within the cloister. Many a new levite owed his success in philosophy, theology and science to Father Bruno's teaching. Many a learned work written by an anonymous writer could be traced to Father Bruno. Many a soul who attended his conferences became more holy, and many a sinner bettered his life after he had

"made the mission" given by the zealous father, and who except the Recording Angel will adequately sum up all the good deeds performed by this holy "Man in Brown."

The crowning act of his life, as became such a saintly man, was characteristic. He died a martyr to charity.

Father Bruno seldom left his convent, except to relieve some suffering one, or to preach a retreat or a mission. I cannot forget his last mission, given just before his sudden but not unprovided death.

This last mission to which I refer was delivered during the novena held in one of our Lady's Churches prior to the Scapular Feast.

The discourses on the power and mercy of Mary were very beautiful and impressive.

The pastor of the Church was delighted at the wonderful change wrought among his parishioners.

"Only one thing lessens my joy, Father Bruno," remarked the priest. "I have one man here who appears to be beyond conversion, and what is worse he is ill with a dangerous fever and has few chances of recovery. I know it is a risky thing to visit him, since there is danger of contagion. Would it be asking too much of you to call and see him?"

"I shall go by all means, and as to the rest, leave that to the Blessed Virgin, father," Father Bruno replied.

That same night, late as it was, Father Bruno visited the low dirty tenement wherein lay the sick man. The first thing which confronted him was a large placard tacked on the door reading "Smallpox." Still he was not refused entrance when his mission was known.

The poor sufferer was glad to see the priest, especially since so few dared venture near the house. The patient knew his danger, and the more did it grieve the good priest to see so little repentance or resignation. It was a clear case of despair on the part of the sick man. Not so with Father Bruno.

"My dear friend," he said, "at least do me one favor. Allow me to invest you with the holy Scapular now and I will call again."

The patient did not refuse this request.

In the morning the priest called again. Things looked a little more hopeful.

"Father," he commenced, "before I make my confession allow me to tell you my story. Well, many years ago—and I am sure I didn't mean it, it was not I think all malice—I said something which injured the name of a holy priest, who now is probably dead for some years. Perhaps a broken heart was the reason of his death, and I felt as if I were the cause of all. At all events, I have had no peace of soul since, and what is more, every misfortune has followed me since. I felt it was a punishment. And now that I am to die, I feel indeed as if God will forgive me, but how much happier I would be did I know if he whom I injured forgave me too."

"Rest easy on that point, my dear child," said Father Bruno. "You are forgiven—remember that after all 'to err is human, to forgive is divine.'"

"And he would then forgive me, father, you are sure then?"

"Yes," said Father Bruno, with a big tear rolling down his cheek. "He forgives with all his heart."

The priest at once recognized the patient as the one who had long marked him out as a victim of slander.

And a light likewise flashed before the eyes of the poor patient.

Priest and patient were no longer strangers.

After the good father had given all possible succor to the soul of his patient, he did all in his power to save the body, and he succeeded too, by obtaining a good nurse, although the case seemed helpless.

The man recovered, and lived to a ripe old age, and to the end was a model of penance and virtue.

Poor Father Bruno! At that sick-bed he imbibed the deadly germs, and it was not many hours before he fell a victim to the loathsome disease. He went to heaven on St. Elias' day, and (as he always prayed for) during the octave of the solemn festival of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. He was laid to rest clothed in his brown habit.

So runs this brief sketch of "the Man in Brown." His example teaches you, dear reader, that

"If scandal's lip would seek to stain,  
The name you hold as honor's crown,  
By your own life refute the lie,  
And leave in God's hands your renown."

# FEAST OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

JULY 16th.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

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*At Morn—Holy Communion.*

## I.

O'er the holy Mount of Carmel  
Mystic cloudlets now unfold,  
" *Palchra Stella Matutina!*"  
Shine once more with rays of gold,  
Guide our footsteps to the altar,  
Light, within, its sacred fire.  
Make us humble, pure and trustful,  
Longing with inflamed desire.

*At Noon—High Mass.*

## II.

Oh! how radiantly the sunbeams  
Now illumine this glad noontide!  
Blessed Mother, Queen of Carmel,  
Thou the Holy Spirit's Bride!  
Listen to those strains harmonious,  
Swelling from the organ grand,  
Echoes of celestial music  
Thrilling in God's blissful land.

*At Eve—Benediction.*

## III.

Calmly steal the shades of evening,  
Holy time of peaceful rest,  
And again Mount Carmel's children  
Seek our Saviour's presence blest.  
Now this gentle Benediction  
Crowns our Lady's Glorious Day,  
And new star-gems seem as glistening  
Round that fair Queen far away.

*Regina, Decor Carmeli! ora pro nobis!*



## NOTES FROM SPAIN.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



THE institute of Carmelite Sisters of Charity, one of the many branches of the vine of Carmel, now flourishing in the new and old worlds, has published its annual statistics for the past year. Two new convents were founded during the year in the Peninsula, one at Oveido in the Asturias, the other in the beautiful Andalusian city of Seville, thus forming a total of 133 convents opened in Spain. The number of sisters is 1,452, of which 82 joined the order during the year, whilst 24 have gone to receive the reward of their evangelical labors.

The total number of children educated, and of girls taught and instructed in different branches of industry is no less than 32,326.

These figures are magnificent, in fact, marvellous, and prove conclusively the immense boon conferred on families and orphan girls, as well as domestic servants, and those who have to seek a livelihood in the pestilential atmosphere of the factory, by the establishment of a branch of this order in their midst. Hence many cities are soliciting the Mother General to open new houses.

On the feast of St. Joseph, no less than 22 postulants were received into this Carmelite community at the convent of Terragona; another proof if needed, that there is "faith yet in Israel," notwithstanding the trials and persecutions to which all religious orders had been subjected by the revolutionary government of "liberty" a few decades ago.

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The Discalced Carmelite Tertiaries, are sending a large contingent of their sisters to open branch houses in some of the principal cities of the Argentine Republic. They will take charge of girls and teach them not only their duties of religion, but also the varied employments suitable to

girls in different paths of life. At the same time they will take care of the sick and infirm in hospitals; a great blessing to the hosts of immigrants, who every day arrive at the shores of these distant lands to seek the employment they fail to find at home.

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Active preparations are being made to have the second Eucharistic Congress of Spain a great success. Its inaugural session and Pontifical Mass will be on the 26th of August next in the Basilica of Lugo, Gallacia. On the 31st of the same month two immense pilgrimages of the Associates and the Catholics of this Cathedral City will start to go, one to Santiago de Compostella, to visit the tomb of St. James the Apostle, the other to Montforte, in the Province of Leon, to visit the sacred "reliques" venerated there. A large contingent of English pilgrims under the patronage of Cardinal Vaughan has promised to attend.

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The Berlin correspondent of the *Semana Catolica* gives publicity to the following facts: Nearly two years ago a Catholic banker, seeing death draw nigh, summoned a priest, and under the secret of the confessional delivered to him three shares in the Suez Canal Company, giving him directions as to whom they were to be given. Shortly after the penitent died, and his heirs instituted a lawsuit in a criminal court against the confessor, the Rev. Abbe Burtz, and charged him with robbery. The case was tried by a jury, the priest's mouth being sealed by the confession, and the allegations being listened to with undisguised gladness by the hostile jury. He was found guilty, and the judge imposed a penalty of ten years' imprisonment.

The case has now been carried to the court of appeal, and, at last, justice has been done to the confessor, who has borne so long his unjust sentence with the heroic patience of a martyr.

It will afford your readers great pleasure to know that the Calced Carmelites have had the happiness of being once more re-established in Sevilla. The illustrious successor of St. Isidore, the former coadjutor of the late Carmelite Cardinal Lluich, now his successor, the present Archbishop Dr. Spinola, has ceded the church of "Buen Sucesso" in Sevilla, to the sons of St. Elias.

Thus the present distinguished Father Provincial of Spain, Father Anastasius Borrás, O. C. C., has secured another triumph for the order, and added another glorious achievement to the long list of victories he has won by his admirable tact, his prudence, his eloquence, and his zeal for the honor of our loving Mother of Carmel. We hope to see the new church during the summer, and congratulate our reverend friends of Jerez on this new addition to the monastic houses of the order.

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The foundation stone of a new convent

of the Discalced Carmelite Fathers has been laid a few weeks ago by the Cardinal Archbishop of Valencia, in the beautiful town of Burriana, Castellon, amidst great rejoicings. The Carmelite Order enjoys the love and affection of the people of this province. There are already within a short distance of each other two other Carmelite convents in the province. The Calced Carmelites have their novitiate house at Onda, whilst the discalced fathers are at the famous monastery of "El Desierto."

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The *Revista Carmelitana*, published in Barcelona, edited by a talented devotee of our sinless Mother, which suspended publication for now nigh four years, will again see the light, and be read with increased delight around the hearths of Catholic homes and in the rooms of our Carmelite clubs. It will resume publication during the summer.

## BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

### VII.

#### OF A SUMMER FETISH.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



HE question under discussion at a recent informal gathering had been the New Woman. By the quite natural drift of feminine chat, it had gone on to housekeeping and preserving.

An intelligent, well educated, rather dilettanteish young woman made the statement that she totally disapproved of a house that lacked the rows upon rows of shining jars of fruit and pickles, and jams and jellies, that a few years ago made a woman's preserve closet the somewhat literal as well as figurative apple of her eye.

"Are you very fond of all those canned things?" asked another young woman, who has a confessed leaning towards the vagaries of the new members of her sex.

"No, I never touch any of them, but I think it part of a woman's duty as a good housekeeper to have a stock of home-made preserves always on hand."

Then followed a polite but vigorous verbal tussle which did not succeed in convincing the unadvanced member of her sex, but left the others firm in the belief that whether the newspapers who assert that the New Woman has come permanently among us be correct, or the editor of an edifying ladies' journal who declares she has already sunk out of existence, still if she have succeeded in destroying the American woman's faith in the fetish of summer preserving, she has certainly, whatever her faults and follies, done good in her day and generation.

When one considers the labor involved in the wholesale canning and pickling and

jamming and jelling once universal, and still too nearly so, among women who aimed at housekeeping laurels, and a decent measure of self-respect, one grows heartily impatient with the unreasonableness that is ready to expend so much for so little result. To consider such labor a necessary part of correct housekeeping is about as logical as to conclude that an umbrella must always be part of the equipment of a spotted dog, because Chauncey's famous story tells us of an instance in which it was essential.

In all activities, household and others, the American woman rushes to extremes. And it is only in the extreme that preserving is to be utterly condemned. When a woman has plenty of strength, leisure and assistance, and is the head of a family who are very appreciative of the results of her efforts, she is perfectly right to replenish her stores of such dainties to a reasonable extent.

But when such work means hours and days and weeks spent in a hot kitchen, aching muscles, scalded fingers, a brain worn in anxious calculation as to whether greater economy could have been practised in fruit purchasing, worry as to possible failures and consequent loss of money that could ill be spared even in so good a cause—when it means all this added to the ordinary household routine, then I have no hesitation in saying that the woman who voluntarily subjects herself to such a trial is utterly destitute of common sense.

We women have no capital so precious as that of health and strength. With the most fortunate of us it is never very large. All the crises of life convince one that the most eloquent champions of the New Woman can never quite argue her womanhood away from her, can never alter the fact which Eve probably accepted with simplicity till the serpent twisted her brain into sophistical crookedness, that a woman is always the physical inferior of the man, to whom she may easily be the moral and intellectual superior.

This physical inferiority is a slight thing, but it materially effects the life battle in which a man and woman of equal mental and moral force may simultaneously engage. All other things being equal—and my dear woman-worker, you know that they never are—she must constantly draw upon her

reserve force of nervous energy to keep pace with him, while he only calls upon such a reserve fund in some great emergency, in disease or dissipation.

A woman often commits the mistake of trying to faithfully perform more outside work of an exceptional character, which in itself uses up all and probably more than the strength she can muster, and household tasks as well.

Not content to spend many hours of each day in teaching, writing or office labor, she endeavors on her return home to accomplish the household duties which are quite enough in themselves to occupy the working hours of any woman's day. She is quite capable, too, of devoting a great deal if not all of her summer holiday to the preserving idol worshipped by her stay-at-home sister.

It is the stay-at-home woman who needs most caution. When a woman's life-work is plainly a home work, it is difficult for her to realize how to draw the line between necessary duty and lavish giving way to unnecessary exactions.

Few women realize the rightfulness of the plea of care for health. When they are exhausted with over-work, they say they are "lazy," and continue to further neglect nature's cry for rest. The fact that the inevitable day of reckoning always comes, is no more heeded by the average woman than by the average business man until each is called to the balancing that means, at the least, years of shattered health.

Less ambition to carry out the minutia of good house-keeping, the external details of care for home and children, would do much to keep away the exhaustion of mind and body that means over-work.

As much in housekeeping as in any other field of labor do broadness of mind and executive ability rank above mere fussiness and fidgety pursuit of detail.

In summer, common humanity recommends that the household cares be made as light as possible for mistress and maid. Instead of burning her life fuel before the fetish of preserving in the exhausting summer days, it is far better for the housekeeper to trust to the fresh fruit obtainable throughout the year, the light salads that so acceptably take the place of homemade pickles and condiments, or, if these must be had, to purchase them when re-

quired, from the reliable firms that make a speciality of supplying such commodities.

The money ordinarily spent in the replenishment of the preserve closet could be far better expended as a fresh air fund for the household. Every family that can command any income at all and keep abreast of ordinary expenses, should count such a fund among the necessary expenses of the year.

The summer should be a time of rest, of enjoyment of nature, of the lightest intellectual pursuits, of a holiday from the routine of home, if possible. At least, if it

be impossible to afford even a fortnight or week's absence from home, let a day's outing, as leisurely and with as little exertion as possible, be taken very frequently.

Let every woman, poor or rich, indulge to the utmost in the veranda life that is one of the sensible and beautiful institutions of American existence. Let her recruit her energies by a little idling with folded hands, or occupy herself with the bit of embroidery, the light novel or magazine that is always a comfortable sight in busy fingers.

## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

### SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JULY, 1896.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

How quickly the time passes! So quickly that we can hardly realize that the summer vacation is here again. It seems but the other day that we were saying Merry Xmas, and now we are half way through the year.

So life is passing from us, and every day eternity, our long holiday, is coming nearer. For one and all the vacation is a happy time. Rest from work and worry, and for the fortunate ones who can spend it in the country, a delightful change from all that makes us think of work. We all love rest. What a brimming over measure of it we shall have in heaven. While you are in the country, dear children, and can see lots of blue sky, try not to forget God and heaven. Earth is very beautiful, very happy, very dear to us all, but "'tis only a night in a wayside inn," says St. Teresa. So let us not settle on earth. Just lay down rugs that can easily come up—don't tack down anything, else when the moving time comes there will be trouble. On July 2nd comes the sweet feast of the visitation. How very fitting that it should come right in the beginning of the vacation. Some of

us find it hard to meditate. I know someone who as a little girl used to lie awake at night "suggestin," as she called it. Now she is a very big girl and she still keeps it up, thinking of pleasant things and going on journeys and talking to pleasant people, and so falling asleep sweetly and easily. Why not let the pleasant people be Jesus, Mary and Joseph? Why not travel with our Blessed Lord through the Holy Land—by the Sea of Galilee and into the mountains of Judea with our dear Lady, as she went to visit her holy cousin, St. Elizabeth? Why not talk to them? Not in the words of the book. No, indeed. Who ever read "I love you" out of a book to any one? The holy cure of Ars says of reading a book after Holy Communion: "What are the words of men when God is speaking?" So, dear children, of learning to meditate—lots of time for it in the country. Try it two or three minutes every day and see if you won't grow to like it. St. Teresa says no one who meditates for fifteen minutes every day will be lost. So hurry up and get from five to fifteen. A word about Our Lady of Mount Carmel, whose feast will fall on July 16. Be faithful to her scapular. Don't take it off when you are away from home and hang it where you'll forget

to put it on. Make the novena for the feast—it need only be a very little one—but ever so much love in it. Pray for a happy death, and may our dear Mother shield you all from sin and danger all vacation. "Love God and do what you like."

3. In the matter of good works we must think little, talk little and do a great deal.

4. Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure to put it where you can find it.

5. Evil weighs less heavy in God's scales than in those of man.

FABER.

#### FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. There is a glorious city in the sea;  
The sea is in the broad, the narrow sheets,  
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt seaweed  
Clings to the marble of her palaces.  
No track of man, no footsteps to and fro  
Lead to her gates.
2. Why is an infant like a diamond?
3. When are true words sweet words?
4. What cardinal virtue does water represent when frozen?
5. What tune can be made out of bank notes?

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLE.

(IN JUNE NUMBER.)

1. Short.
2. The other half.
3. The letter "I."
4. The wind.

#### FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who were the three most famed painters of the Italian School?
2. Who painted "The Transfiguration"?
3. Who painted "The Last Judgment"?
4. Where is it?
5. Who painted "Last Supper"?

#### Answers to Questions for the Thinkers.

JUNE.

1. St. Gregory.
2. St. Louis IX of France.
3. St. Jerome's.
4. St. Luke.
5. St. Thomas Aquinas.

#### MAXIMS FOR JULY.

1. The patriot's boast where'er we roam,  
His first, best country ever is at home  
—GOLDSMITH.
2. Sorrow seems sent for our instruction,  
just as we darken the cages of birds when  
we would teach them to sing.

#### FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

MY KITTIE.

TUNE—*Bring Back My Bonnie to Me.*

1.

My kittie has gone from her basket,  
My kittie has gone up a tree,  
Oh, who will go up 'mongst the branches  
And bring back my kittie to me?

CHORUS.

Bring back, bring back,  
Bring back my kittie to me, to me.  
Bring back, bring back,  
Bring back my kittie to me.

2.

The dog that lives down by the river,  
Just came with his naughty old bark;  
And frightened my kittie most dreadful,  
Up there she is mewling, just hark.

3.

My kittie is one of the nicest.  
She has a white spot on her nose;  
She washes her face every morning,  
She washes that most, I suppose.

4.

Folks say that when people are frightened  
Their hair will turn perfectly white;  
If that is the truth, then my kittie  
Won't have a black hair by to-right.

#### A LEGEND OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE DE PAZZA.

[The Saint was only seven years old at the time this story is told of her.]

Dear mother, let me come quite near,  
And lean upon your breast,  
For I know the sweet Child Jesus  
Within your heart doth rest.

I was in the little chapel  
This morning when you were,  
For I followed you, dear mother;  
I thought you would not care.

And I saw the good priest give you  
The consecrated bread,  
And with tears I begged dear Jesus  
That I too might be fed.

Then, mother, let me come quite near,  
I do not wish to play;  
Let me but touch your dress or hand,  
And kneel with you and pray.

For, mother, if I do but touch  
The garments that you wear,  
I feel the sweetness coming through  
Of the dear Guest you bear.

Oh, tell Him, mother, how I long  
To have my heart His home;  
Tell Him the days and hours go  
So slowly till He come!

---

LITTLE SOULS.

Though oft uncared for and untaught,  
Children are ever sweet,  
Whom, unsuspected, angels guard  
In alley and in street:  
Whom love ye that to Him aspire  
Who is of souls the one true sire.

Ye little ones! when distant from —  
Our Father's house we stray,  
Your simple hearts lead our blind eyes  
To Paradise the way;  
For He who suffered ye to come,  
Called all the world like children home.

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NORBERT'S DREAM.

BY S. X. B.

Dear little Bertie! He was so happy in his beautiful country home. He never wearied of roaming through the place. He would linger in the pretty flower garden, or visit the farm yard, or take long rambles in the solemn old green woods with Molly, his kind nurse, who never lost patience when her little charge begged her "not to take him to the house just yet." For Bertie was a city boy, and until now had only enjoyed glimpses of country life when he spent some weeks every summer with his grandparents. Those visits were golden eras in the boy's life, and he always looked with pleasurable anticipation for their return.

One day Mr. Holmes, Bertie's father, received a telegram that the dear, good grandma was dangerously ill, and in a few hours Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, with Bertie and Molly, were on their way to Woodland. How strange everything seemed to Bertie! The old house was perfectly quiet, and

Aunt Ethel—his only aunt—met them with mingled joy and grief. Her tears fell fast as she led them to the room where the dying Christian lay. She had no violent pain, and to Bertie she looked much the same as when, a few weeks ago, she had said good bye, and called him her darling child.

Grandma knew them all, and was loving as ever, but poor grandpa gave them a sad welcome. They watched until day light faded and twilight stole into the room. Then grandma asked them to send for Father Felix, and the venerable priest came to soothe the dying moments of his dear old friend. Mrs. Holmes now thought it best to send Bertie away, but not until he had been lifted up for a last good-bye and blessing. He was a thoughtful child, and although only six years old, he was not frightened at the solemn aspect everything seemed to have assumed. He felt deeply impressed, for the blessed candles were lighted, and the pretty little altar with its fragrant flowers, gave silent homage to Him, who so graciously, would repose thereon. And so Bertie went sorrowfully away. He lay awake for a long time, wondering if his grandma's angel would take her to heaven that night, and if he would hear the flapping of his beautiful white wings. And O! if he could get one look at his lovely face!

Yes, Bertie, an angel *did* come that night—the angel of death—and your grandma, full of hope and love, went peacefully away.

The elder Mr. Holmes and his daughter felt so sad that, after the time which Bertie's papa was able to remain with them had expired they begged him to give up his home in the city and come to Woodland.

Without entering into unnecessary details, which would besides be of no interest to you, dear children, I will merely tell you that Mr. Holmes arranged his business so that he could take his family to the farm, and so relieve his father entirely of its management. And that was the way Bertie came to live in the country. He played constantly in the fresh pure air, and his mama could see the color come into his pale cheeks—welcome token that her little boy was growing well and strong. But I must tell you of Bertie's dream. I have said he was a thoughtful child; "old fashioned" was the universal dictum. That little brain

often puzzled over subjects of which many children do not think.

He had listened attentively to the words spoken by the priest at his grandma's funeral, and the following sentences had imprinted themselves deeply upon his mind: "She chose the straight and narrow path which leads to eternal bliss. Never once did her feet wander to that broad and flower strewn road that ends in everlasting woe." Now Bertie did not understand this. The word "eternal" puzzled him; he was not quite clear in regard to "bliss" and "woe," and as to the narrow path which his grandma had chosen, it was entirely strange to him. He scarcely liked to ask his parents nor his aunt. Once when he had spoken to the latter of her mother she had burst into tears, and Molly told him that he must not mention her name again until their grief "had kind of worn off." Molly was mistaken in this for it is *not* painful to speak of our beloved dead when we feel that they are happy. He would have asked Molly to help him out of his difficulty, but she often answered his questions by saying that it was not proper for little boys to ask so many. He almost despaired of an explanation, and kept pondering upon those two roads until he felt quite discouraged.

At some distance from the house grew two trees, the branches of which were so inter-twined that the thick foliage made a most inviting shade. The gnarled trunks threw out various projections some of them so smooth that they could easily serve for brackets, whilst others, low down and covered with moss formed most inviting seats. This soon became Bertie's favorite resort. Although he loved play as well as any of the little heroes immortalized by the reverend "Discoverer of the American boy" his strength gave out so soon that he was glad to go there and rest. His mama and aunt often brought their sewing or their books thither, or Mary with her inextinguishable knitting remained with her little charge. It was July when they came to Woodland and as the sixteenth drew near Bertie, who had been told the history of the scapular, thought he would make a little altar there. His aunt gave him a pretty statute of the Blessed Virgin, and Mollie one of St. Joseph. Above hung the little chromo, which he had received for his diligence in collecting STAMPS for the

Carmelite fathers, in a dainty silvered frame. Every day found him with some fragrant flowers for the beloved shrine, and his satisfaction was complete when, on the morning of the feast, his mama produced a little lamp whose light would deepen and brighten in its ruby setting. That afternoon Bertie had a new idea. He knelt down and, with the simple earnest faith of childhood, begged the Blessed Virgin to let some one tell him where to find those two roads. Then he arose feeling sure that his prayer would be heard. He had taken a long walk with his papa that morning, and now threw himself on the soft grass to rest. Before long his eyes closed and he was in the land of dreams. And a wonderful dream he had!

A radiant being—whom he instantly knew to be his guardian angel—stood beside him, and said, "Bertie, come!" Then the angel led them on until they reached a point where two roads branched off in different directions. That to the left was very wide. It was invitingly cool from the graceful trees which on either side cast a pleasant shade, and flowers of every kind bordered the verdant grass.

Sparkling waters from marble fountains afforded the passers-by opportunity to quench their thirst, whilst strains of soft sweet music floated on the air.

Guides went hither and thither offering flowers and refreshments. These were eagerly accepted, but Bertie saw that the fairest roses were surrounded by stinging thorns, and that in the depths of the vessel which held the liquid there lurked a deadly serpent. This pleasant road was crowded and Bertie did not wonder. He said as much to his guide, who smiled sadly, and led him along until they reached the termination.

Alas! It ended in a dark and sullen marsh whose slimy stagnant waters threw off a deadly odor. Birds of ill omen flew over it and gave discordant screams as the hapless beings who had walked the "broad and pleasant road" fell into the marsh and were engulfed beneath its depths.

Bertie asked why they could not draw back in time. The answer was that they were so engrossed with their amusements they gave no thought to looking whither they were going until it was too late. The marsh was so close to the path that one

step led into it. Bertie wept for their sad fate, and the angel led him to the narrow road. So unpleasant was its aspect that the little boy drew closer to his angel who bade him not to fear. This road was narrow, uneven and stony. It skirted the edge of a deep precipice and those who walked upon it had to exercise great care to avoid falling over. There was, generally speaking, neither shade nor water and besides these privations much had to be endured from the ridicule and unkindness of their neighbors, for the roads were in sight of each other. Sometimes when these wayfarers would seem almost fainting, guides would lead them to one of the few shade trees, or to one of the fountains erected at long distances. Often, too, some seemed on the point of taking the pleasant path, but the guides would earnestly encourage them to proceed. Bertie began to wonder where *this* road led to, and at that moment they reached the termination. Oh! what a lovely sight!

The blessed ones who had chosen the "narrow path" were led by their angelic guides into a beautiful garden. Music, flowers and birds were there, and a lady of surpassing loveliness came forward to welcome the new arrivals.

While gazing into the depths of the grove Bertie beheld a most brilliant light, but the angel drew him away telling him that he must tread the narrow path for many years before he could look even upon the light which surrounds the throne of the Most High. As they were leaving the lady

in passing placed her hand upon the child's head and gave him a smile which he never forgot. "Dear Bertie," said the angel, "Look! Among those happy beings is your grandma. She chose the straight and narrow path leading to eternal bliss; never once did her footsteps wander to that broad and flowery road that ends in everlasting woe.

"Know, my child, that the narrow path means the way of self-denial by which we must walk to gain heaven; the pleasant road is the way of sin, which leads to hell."

Then everything faded away for Bertie's eyes were opening, and his mama stood there to tell him that supper was ready, and so he had to come down to the things of earth. He related his dream to his parents and aunt who were deeply impressed. Bertie now fully understood what had so puzzled him. He is now fast leaving his childhood in the vanishing past, for several years have elapsed since the incident above narrated, and he will at no distant day bid a final farewell to his pleasant home. And why? Because he has decided to serve God as one of our Lady's Knights in the ancient order of the Carmelites. His father has erected a picturesque little chapel upon the spot where Bertie's little altar stood, and it is quite a shrine in the vicinity.

Bertie will never forget that feast of the scapular, nor his wonderful dream, for he always maintains that our dear Lady of Mount Carmel bade his guardian angel whisper it in his ear on that lovely mid-summer day.





## EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

A CIRCULAR has been mailed from our office to all subscribers in arrears. It explains itself, and calls for an answer. All those who will not have answered within a certain time will be taken off the list of subscribers, but their conscientious obligation to pay their debt will not thereby be cancelled.

\* \* \*

On Thursday, July the 16th, the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel will be celebrated with due solemnity at the Pilgrimage Church of Our Lady of Peace at Falls View, Ontario. The first Mass will be immediately after the arrival of the pilgrims from Buffalo and neighborhood, about 8.30 a. m. There will be a German sermon at this Mass. Solemn High Mass will be at 10 a. m. Confessions will be heard on the preceding day, and on the morning of the feast until 10 a. m.

\* \* \*

THE great Indulgence of Mount Carmel, similar to that of the Portiuncula, can be gained from 2 p. m. on Wednesday, July the 15th, until sunset on Thursday, July the 16th. It consists in a plenary indulgence for *each visit* to a Carmelite Church to be gained as often as the visit is repeated.

\* \* \*

To gain the great Indulgence it is necessary to go to the Sacraments and to visit the Church. At each visit some prayers are to be said according to the intentions of the Holy Father. Five times the "Our Father," five times the "Hail Mary," and five times "Glory be to the Father, etc.," are sufficient.

\* \* \*

It is not necessary to receive the sacraments at a Carmelite Church. Pilgrims to Our Lady of Peace may go to confession and communion at their own church and come only for the visits.

\* \* \*

For the convenience of the pilgrims who come to our monastery at Falls View on

the 16th of July, we publish the following items as to routes of travel:

From Buffalo there are various routes. The most convenient, however, is the Michigan Central R. R., which grants excursion rates to our pilgrims on the 16th of July. The train leaves Exchange Street depot of the New York Central at 7 a. m. and arrives at Falls View at 7.50.

From Rochester there is an early train to Niagara Falls, N. Y. After crossing upper Suspension Bridge, the pilgrims can take the Niagara Falls Park & River electric railway, and ask the conductor to stop for them at the Monastery crossing, and which is just below the hill, behind the Monastery. From Toronto, the quickest and most pleasant way is by the lake boats to Niagara-on-the-Lake, thence by Michigan Central to Falls View, arriving in time for the 10 o'clock Mass. Hamilton visitors will take the Grand Trunk to Clifton and the Park Electric Railway to the Monastery. St. Catharines and Thorold pilgrims can reach the Monastery in time for mass by taking the Niagara Central R. R. It is advisable in all cases to go to confession at home, and unless one can be at Falls View in time for the early masses, to go to Holy Communion at one's parish church.

\* \* \*

As the Monastery is in a secluded spot, about a mile from the nearest restaurants, provision will be made to supply all material wants at the new Hospice building. Pilgrims need, therefore, not encumber themselves with lunch baskets and other impediments, as has been the case heretofore.

\* \* \*

WE hope to be able to open the hospice in time for the celebration of the 16th of July in 1897. And, not to give so much of our space in this REVIEW to the details of the programme of pilgrimages to the shrine of Our Lady, we will have all necessary information printed in a separate pamphlet and mail copies to all our subscribers, friends and benefactors. We were unable to do so

this year, and, therefore, beg the indulgence of those of our readers who may regret to see so much of our editorial space taken up by these very necessary and practical remarks to visiting pilgrims.

\*.\*

JUNE 12th last was the 37th anniversary of the happy day on which our most reverend Father-General—Aloysius Galli—received the holy habit of our Lady of Mount Carmel. May our dear revered general merit it yet *ad multos annos*.

\*.\*

"LIFE of the Virgin Mary" was the title of a brochure lately put into our hands. And the same came with "compliments of"—well—a Catholic firm. Would not BLESSED Virgin sound more euphonious and Catholic—gen-tle-men?

\*.\*

MAKE a note of this, kind reader! The novena in preparation for the festival of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel commences on the 7th of this month. Prepare, therefore! The favors granted you on our Mother's great festival will be measured according to your preparation for it.

\*.\*

THE *New World* in its issue of April 18th last, contained an article on the Scapular, written by Father Griffin of the Annunciation Church, Chicago. This article ought to be copied by every Catholic paper in America. It is the most lucid and satisfactory explanation of the subject we have ever seen in a Catholic newspaper. It is an answer to all the many questions that are continually being asked about the Scapular by priests and people. There is only one serious error, undoubtedly a typographical one. It occurs in the enumeration of the conditions necessary to gain the Sabbatine privilege. Instead of (1) to *practice charity* according to one's every day state of life, it should read: to *preserve chastity*, etc.

\*.\*

FOOD and raiment go together. It is quite natural this truth has of late been forcibly brought home to us. In other words we have been edified at the great zeal of pastors throughout the continent in the preparation of the tender ones of their flock for Holy Communion. And, wise

shepherds as they are, after they dispensed the great (spiritual) Staff of Life, they invariably clothed those tender children with Mary's double garment—the holy Scapular, which never fails to keep aglow the coldest hearts and shields against most chilling blasts. More than this, for this queenly garb is for all its wearers impervious to the fire which is unquenchable. It pleased us during the last few months to hear that the secretaries in our divers monasteries were unusually busy in the work of inscribing the names of the large number of those who of late have donned Mary's livery.

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THE "Notes from Spain" in this issue report of the progress of the Carmelite Order in Spain. The growth of the Order of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel is always a sure indication of the renewal of spiritual life among the Catholic people. It is a sign that they place their faith in prayer, and are beginning to understand that the strongest weapon against the coil of infidelity is not argument so much as prayer and holiness of life. Thus the revival of fervent Catholicity in Mexico marks the re-establishment of the Carmelite Order in that country, whose love for Our Lady has been so splendidly proclaimed in the late festivities of Guadeloupe. We find the following item in the *Catholic News*:

"The Catholic Church in Mexico grows stronger day by day. Infidelity and indifference and persecution cannot stamp out the religion of Christ. A non-Catholic writer, F. R. Guernsey, the Mexican correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, tells of the progress of the Church in Mexico. 'The great fact which is everywhere apparent,' he says, 'is the revival of Catholicism. One notes it in the restoration of churches, in the frequent repairing of old convents, in the arrival of learned and devout priests from abroad, in the new missionary zeal of the Church among the Indians, and in the crowded churches. The Carmelite Order is to be re-formed here, and already a new Provincial is coming over from Spain.'"

\*.\*

THE great work of Johannes Janssen on the "History of the German people at the close of the Middle Ages," is to be found in

the library of every student of German history, who is familiar with the language of that people. It is a book which cannot be ignored. It is, as the able critic of the *New York Sun* calls it, a "monumental work, the best attainable account of a transformation, which constitutes one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of Europe." The work has now been translated into English, and we have now an authentic collection of proofs, gathered from all sources, but mostly Protestant ones, that the so-called reformation was the greatest curse which Divine Providence could have allowed to fall upon a people in the brightest period of their development, their golden age, which was the outcome of the Catholic Middle Ages, the Ages of Faith. It is a cause of genuine gratification to us, that in its English version this great work will counteract effectually the process of falsification, which was begun by the early English reformers, and blindly adhered to by all subsequent Protestant English historians. All English literature was tainted by drawing water from these polluted fountains of lies for the last three centuries. Light is dawning at last, and strong men and good men are turning their eyes to that city of light, which is built upon the mountain, and which was obscured so long from their sight by the mists and fogs arising from the foul quagmires of calumny with which heresy surrounded them. Pens that were once steeped in the acrid fluid of bitter invective, now are used to indite words of praise and reverential admiration of the selfsame authority. And light purifies. May it shine ever more brightly into the gloomy valley of error.

#### NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROS., of New York, publish a new and beautifully illustrated edition of "*A Visit to Europe and the Holy Land*," by Rev. H. F. Fairbanks. It is artistically bound and printed in excellent type on superior paper. It is cheap at its price of \$1.50. So many guide books and books of travel, based upon them, have been in the hands of the traveling public, that it is a relief to encounter a traveler, an American besides, who simply tells what he saw, and what impressions were made upon his mind and heart, entirely fresh to these sights, by what he saw.

There is a charm about this simple narrative which fascinated even him who never had the pleasure of seeing Europe and the Holy Land. The description of the visit to Mount Carmel is so beautiful that we cannot resist the temptation to give it in full, especially as we are just in the month of Our Lady of Carmel. In the XVII. chapter he describes Mount Carmel as follows:

"High above us rose Mount Carmel, which branches off from the mountains of Samaria, and extends towards the north-west to the sea. It is about fifteen miles long, and rises in places to a height of more than seventeen hundred feet. Along its northern base is the great plain of Esdraelon. This mountain was the residence of the prophets Elias and Eliseus, and the seat of the school of the prophets. It slopes towards the great sea, into which it juts, a high and bold promontory, on which the convent of Mount Carmel is situated, four hundred and eighty feet above the water. The convent, seen from land or sea, is a very conspicuous object. Carmel is covered with trees and vegetation, and even now is beautiful and majestic; therefore does Solomon sing in the Canticle of Canticles, in reciting the praises of the Spouse of Christ: 'Thy head is like Carmel,' Christ, the invisible head of the Church, is here signified. But, like all other places in Palestine, Carmel is not what it once was, but rather the mournful prophecy of Isaias is fulfilled: 'And gladness and joy shall be taken away from Carmel, and there shall be no rejoicing nor shouting in the vineyards. He shall not tread out wine in the press that was wont to tread it out: the voice of the treaders I have taken away.'

"On this mountain the prophet Elias called down fire from heaven, which consumed the holocaust upon his altar, to the confusion of the prophets of Baal, so that the people cried out: 'The Lord He is God.' And the false prophets were brought down from the mountain to the ancient torrent of Kishon, or Cison, and were slain on account of their impiety and imposture.

"On this mountain Elias prayed when there had been no rain for three years and six months, and while he prayed 'a little

cloud arose out of the sea; and while he turned himself this way and that way, behold the heavens grew dark with clouds and winds, and there fell a great rain.' The place of the sacrifice of Elias is yet pointed out, and the convent of Carmel is built over the cave where he dwelt. From time immemorial this mountain has been occupied not only by the prophets, but by saintly anchorites before the time of Christ, and after His coming by Christian hermits until the present time. The Carmelites have the prophet Elias as their founder.

"The fourth and fifth lessons of the Divine Office of the Roman Breviary for the Commemoration of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel relate the following: 'When on the sacred day of Pentecost, the apostles by heavenly inspiration spoke in divers tongues, and, having invoked the most august name of Jesus, performed many wonders, it is related that very many men who followed in the footsteps of the holy prophets Elias and Eliseus, and had been prepared by the preaching of John the Baptist for the coming of Christ \* \* \* forthwith embraced the evangelical faith, and by certain especial love began so to venerate the Most Blessed Virgin—whose converse and familiarity they had happily been able to enjoy—that first of all on that place on Mount Carmel where Elias formerly saw the cloud rising, marked as a type of the Virgin, they built a chapel to the same most pure Virgin. Therefore, gathering frequently every day at that new chapel, with pious rites, prayers and praises, they worshiped the Most Blessed Virgin as the particular patroness of their Order. For which reason they came to be called everywhere the Brothers of the Blessed Mary of Mount Carmel.'

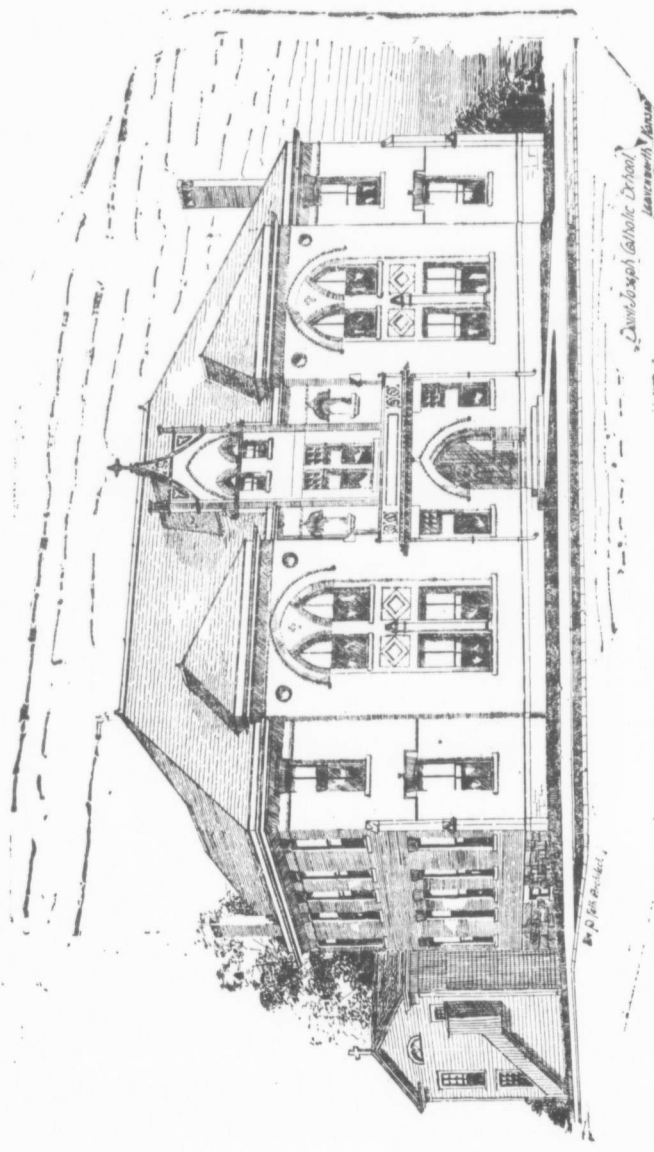
"The German colony has reclaimed considerable land between the base of the mountain and the sea. It is a wide, level plain of fields and orchards. Their houses are good and substantial, constructed of fine hewn stone. Their yards and gardens are well kept and ornamented, and among the trees here and there are a few graceful palms. Across the bay we could see the town of Acre, or Ptolemais, and far beyond the waters of the bay, to the east, the hills of Galilee.

"During the forenoon I determined to make a visit to the convent. My com-

panions thought the day was too warm and would not accompany me, so I set out alone on foot. The path, which was quite good, was pleasantly lined the whole distance with shrubs and trees, so that when I felt the heat was too intense I always found the welcome shade of a tree near at hand. These occasions of rest also gave an opportunity to enjoy quietly the beauty and grandeur of the scenery. From this holy mountain of Carmel, the mountain of God and the mountain of the Blessed Virgin, many a pure and holy eye has lingered for the last time on the blue, beautiful sea, and over the green plains and hills of Galilee, quickly to catch a glimpse of the home of eternal rest and the divine delights of the celestial country. It is, surely, a holy place from which to pass from earth to heaven.

"I soon reached the monastery and received a most cordial welcome from the Carmelite monks. The convent of Carmel looks out from its heights over the Mediterranean Sea, and from its influence over the world. I became acquainted with an aged Carmelite father, wearing a long, white, flowing beard. He was a Belgian, and had been on the mission in the East Indies and knew English well. He delighted in making eloquent quotations which he had formerly committed to memory from 'Paradise Lost.' In about half an hour after my arrival my two friends, having reconsidered their morning resolutions, arrived on donkeys at the monastery gate. Our venerable Carmelite guide showed us over the building. The most interesting part was the cave of the prophet Elias. In how many ways these monks of Mount Carmel, who have gone forth to the ends of the earth 'with the spirit and power of Elias,' have proven themselves to be the true sons of Elias, quickened by a new fire consuming and working wonders to the confusion of the false prophets of the world, and making men cry out: 'O Jesus of Nazareth, Thou art the Son of the Living God! and O Mary, thou art indeed the Mother of God!'

"We also knelt before the altar of St. Simon Stock, who lived six years in this holy retreat. We were cordially invited to stay over night and as long as we pleased, but, having to start for Nazareth that afternoon, we could not accept the kind invitation. In returning to Haifa I was glad to have the privilege of walking down the side of the mountain alone and in silence, meditating on the history and mysteries of Carmel."



David Lloyd, Catholic District  
Leavenworth, Kansas

**St. Joseph's School, Leavenworth, Kansas.**

## ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL,

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas.



ALTHOUGH seemingly but of local interest, we make room for a woodcut of the new school attached to the Carmelite Church in Leavenworth, Kas. It is most intimately associated with the earliest days of the Carmelite Order in the United States. The first parish attended by the two founders of the Carmelites in the States, was St. Joseph's Church in Leavenworth. The parochial school was taught by the first novices of the Order—both of whom were secular priests at the time of their reception. One of them was Father Albert Heimann, the pioneer priest of Kansas, who died in September, 1893—and whose picture and biography appeared in the October number of this REVIEW in the same year. The other was Father Louis Guenther, who is now pastor of the congregation, and is building this new school to take the place of the old building, in which he taught thirty years ago.

The corner stone of this new school was laid and blessed in the beginning of the month of May.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Fink officiated at the ceremony of the blessing of the corner stone, assisted by Very Rev. Father Cunningham, V. G., Father Downey, Father McCaul, Father Kennedy, Father Smietana, Very

Rev. Prior Andrew, O. S. B., from St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, P. Raphael Fuhr, O. S. F., of Quincy, Ill., and the Carmelite Fathers, P. Louis Guenther, Pastor, P. Cyril Feehan, Chaplain to the Sisters, and P. Angelus.

All the Catholic societies of the city, irrespective of nationality, Irish, Germans and Poles, and 300 veterans from the Soldiers' Home, headed by music, bands, etc., participated.

Sermons were delivered in English and in German. The sermon in English was by Rev. P. Cyril Feehan, O. C. C. He dwelt upon the absolute necessity of the education of the heart and mind. He showed man as the crown of creation, with free will and inclination to good and evil. And the object of man's creation is to serve God and to be happy with God in the world to come. He dwelt forcibly upon the school laws as laid down by the Council of Baltimore and the statutes of our diocese.

The German oration was by Rev. P. Raphael Fuhr, O. S. F., of St. Francis College, Quincy, Ill. It was an exquisite oration, in which he forcibly dwelt upon the necessity of a parochial school and the obligation of sending Catholic children to that school in spite of the opposition of any so-called Liberals.

The celebration was a great success in every way, and will be long remembered by the people of St. Joseph's congregation.

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### NEW BOOKS.

DURING the last month P. Tequi, 29 rue de Tournon, Paris, has published the following works :

1. *Un Apotve francais au Tonkin*, Mgr. Puginier, by C. d'Allenjoye. 1 vol. in-12. Price, 2 francs.

This life of Mgr. Puginier, the late bishop of Tonkin, contains, besides the biography of this zealous Apostle, most interesting accounts of the French colonization of Tonkin. Those who take a lively interest in the Missions of the East, will be gratified to find in this work a most detailed account

of the persecutions and trials of the church in Tonkin and Annam.

2. *Un mot sur les Visions, Revelations et Propheties*, par le R. P. Pouplard, S. J. 1 vol. in 12; price, one franc. 180 pages.

This book is far more than its title seems to suggest. It is not only a "word," but a complete treatise on a question so interesting to our French brethren at the present moment. It deals exhaustively with the whole question of visions, revelations to private persons, ecstasies, satanic intervention, and especially modern spiritualism. The prophetess of the Rue Paradis is not

directly mentioned, but it is evident that the book is published to put the faithful on their guard against this pseudo-Gabriel who claims to be the Archangel himself.

3. *Le R. P. Henri Chambellan, S. J.* (1831-1892.) par le P. Charruan, S. J. 1 vol. pr. 3 francs.

The late Jesuit Father Chambellan, provincial of the Jesuits in France, was, above all his other eminent qualities, a most prudent and enlightened director of souls. This volume is, therefore, all the more valuable, as it contains copious extracts from the spiritual correspondence between this gifted soul and those under his charge.

#### PERIODICALS.

There is a most interesting article on Niagara Falls, by J. W. Spencer in the May number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. It is beautifully illustrated with views of the Falls, maps of the surroundings and geological sections of the territory, through which the river has cut its way. Like all former students of the river's history Mr. Spencer gives us the exact age of the river, 32,000 years. He even predicts the number of years it can still count on the future, 5000, so that Niagara River will finally die at the good old age of 37,000 years, all its glory having been absorbed by that time by the Chicago canal. We have heard so many different computations of the dear old river's age all the way from 55,000 years to the short span of 3000 years, that we may be excused if we find ourselves a little sceptical at this latest discovery. But we must say the theory laid down by Mr. Spencer as to the formation of the gorge and falls of Niagara river, seems to be the result of the most fargoing research up to the present day. We are inclined therefore to hold on to his deductions until this problem of ages has received some more plausible solution.

#### "AT THE SIGN OF OUR LADY."

Inns in England were, in the old days, frequently named for the Blessed Virgin and put under her protection. Her picture adorned the sign-board, and one spoke of the Sign of the Virgin, or of stopping at Our Lady's Inn, or at the Inn of Our Lady of Pity, as the case might be. Sometimes on the sign there was a Salutation, or

Annunciation, with Gabriel addressing Our Lady.

Frequently the Puritans, too parsimonious to destroy, would disgrace these signs, and call the Inn the "Soldier" and "Citizen," or similar names. After the Reformation they had a fashion also of painting out the picture of the Blessed Virgin, leaving only St. Gabriel with his scroll in his hand, on which was inscribed the Angelic Salutation.

#### PETITIONS.

THE following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers: Conversions and reform, 20; employment, 8; temporal, 20; spiritual, 21; special, 20; cures, 5; families, 7; vocations, 2; sick persons, 4; children, 3; happy deaths, 2; souls in purgatory, 1. Thanks are also returned for many favors obtained.

TO-morrow is only to-day carried forward. The future to a man in middle or mature life will contain very little not to be found now in his soul. To-morrow is only a point in the river a little nearer the sea. The same water flows there that flowed a hundred miles above. It is a sad thing when one must confess for himself that these passing hours are the photograph of the remainder of life. To-morrow will only be to-day rolled on, and when maturity has fully come this worship of to-morrows should be given up, and the full significance of the present should burst upon the intellect and soul.

GOD of my heart, I pray thee to love those who do not love thee, to open to those who do not knock, and to cure those who not only take pleasure in being sick, but who even labor to increase their malady. Thou didst come upon the earth to seek sinners; behold them, my God, the real sinners. Listen only to thy mercy and thy clemency, and save them.—ST. TERESA.

THOSE who love repentance are the true children of Mary. It is at the foot of the cross they meet her, crucifying herself with Jesus Christ and drinking in the love of suffering at the very fountain—the wounds of the dying Saviour.—BOSSUET.